

# CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

VOLUME II. NO. 4.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 56.

## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.]

Wm. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE 140 FULTON STREET, SECOND FLOOR.

Original.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO?

#### A SERMON,

BY E. CASE, JR., GENEVA, N. Y.

PREACHED AT THE ONTARIO ASSOCIATION, JUNE 15TH, 1848.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"Now when they heard this they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter, and to the rest of the Apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?"—Acts ii. 37.

God's truths are eternal and unchangeable. He has declared in the most explicit manner, that "his counsel shall stand and that he will do all his pleasure."—And this must essentially be so; for God himself is so. With him there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. If there were, what assurance should we have, that aught for a moment would remain as it is? What assurance that the sun, moon, and stars would continue to shine, or the earth bring its changes of seasons, with all their rich and varied blessings? Or, what is of far greater moment, that our lives would, in any human probability, continue for a day or an hour? How great and impressive a truth is it, then, that God is eternal and unchangeable; and that God's truths are eternally and unchangeably true. It is not our province to aim at discussing truths that lie out of the scope of man's knowledge, for of these we know nothing. We can only deal properly with such things as lie within the reach of our reasoning powers. But it is certain, however, that vast as the great ocean of truth may be, that lies exterior to the powers and capacities of man, some portion of God's truth it has fallen to our lot to know. We speak now of the revealed truths of God, that throw so much light upon the mystery of man's existence, and respond in the fullness and richness of a perfect assurance to those hopes and aspirations that anticipate a glorious immortality in the future; and of man's restitution to happiness and to God.

It was of these truths the Apostle was speaking when the scene occurred that gave occasion to the words of the text. And it was of these truths the multitude that were that day converted, were most grossly ignorant. Though their Scriptures abounded with the declarations of Christ's coming; though prophecy after prophecy gilded the divine pages of the oracles of God with burning and living light; though the Messiah had made his appearance among men, doing the works none other could do, and speaking as never man spake, yet through ignorance, stupidity, and malice, there were but few real believers, and perhaps less that had any dispo-

sition to believe. There seemed to hover above their souls the terrible shadow of a dark and irremediable incredulity—the dreadful incubus of a sluggish and irremovable lethargy. They saw without being impressed, they heard without reflection, and they followed the Savior and the Apostles from motives of mere idle curiosity. But it seems that Peter, by the power and spirit of God, was enabled, for once, to break up this dread lethargy, and penetrate the deep recesses of their natures, till waking up under its influences, and deeply penitent for their past lives, and the blessed opportunities and privileges they had suffered to pass with neglect, they cried out in an earnestness and agony of feeling, "Men and brethren! what shall we do?"

And how could they feel otherwise than full of remorse, when they awoke from their stupid reveries under the intense light of God's truth, and remembered that the Messiah had indeed been among them; that he had spoken as never man spake, in the name and power of his Father; and yet, that they had been loud-mouthed in crying for his crucifixion; and, in violence and wantonness, had imbrued their hands in his innocent blood!

We do not, of course, mean to charge these sins literally and fully upon men of the present day; but still, it is no less true that they are now to a certain extent, and in a certain sense, just what they were in the days of Christ and the Apostles. The Messiah is now among us, not literally to be sure, but still in spirit and in truth, and the Gospel of reconciliation and peace is heard from the mountains and from the hill-tops, and in the wilderness and solitary places. Yet there is that same lethargy of soul, that same moral stupefaction, that same inglorious and fatal indifference manifested now, that there were when Christ, in the city of Nazareth, opened the Scriptures on a Sabbath day, and said to the Scribes and Pharisees, "This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." We do not indeed say it is universally so; but the words of Scripture will apply now, as well as they did eighteen hundred years ago. "Some believed the things that were spoken, and some believed not." The great and important fact that some of God's truths are committed to our use, impresses us with the idea that they demand and challenge our most serious attention; the more so, because we cannot suppose that a God of wisdom would reveal to us any truths that were not designed to have a special and vastly important bearing upon our nature and character. If these things be true, then in all reason, some portion of our time ought, in justice to ourselves, and in honor to God, to be set apart for the study and the comprehension of these truths, and for meditation derived therefrom. All truth demands this at our hands. I speak not of comparatively light and secondary truths, though even these cannot be understood without some study and investigation; but I refer to all truths of any great importance, and more especially to those truths that lie at the foundation of all science, the discovery of which redounds so much to the honor of man and the glory of God. We know that these have not been discovered without great labor and perseverance, and the most ardent and unmitigated at-



tention. Newton was a lifetime maturing his theory of gravitation, and of lights and colors. Columbus spent years of anxious days and nights, demonstrating the existence of a new world. It has taken years to demonstrate the truthfulness of the Copernican system. But let us range the whole arcana of nature, let us tread the whole area of the fields of philosophy and science, let us call home to the mind of man and demonstrate all the truths and all the problems within the scope of the moral, physical and material Universe, until we become the most stupendous prodigies of knowledge that ever lived, and still there is *one* truth, one problem, which if left undemonstrated, or, if unbelievably when demonstrated, is of more consequence than all; and that is the truth of man's salvation and immortality. This may be illustrated by a reference to Lord Bacon. He had traveled almost every path to knowledge; he had explored almost every field of science; he had made himself familiar in almost every department of nature, and made, as it were, all knowledge his own; yet he had one passion, *avarice*, and in a single moment of indiscretion, it blotted his fair name, and, as Pope says, "damned him to everlasting fame." What then is it to me, to know if the earth be round or square; whether the sun revolve round it, or it around the sun; whether worlds and systems of worlds people the midnight sky, or whether the stars and all the hosts of heaven be diminutive and luminous points no bigger than they seem, that only glimmer a little by night and fade away by day—what are all these things to me, if remorse preys upon my soul, and conscience, like a serpent's fang, stings with an agony of regret. What is it to me to be able to explore every field of science, to be master of every art, to range the world of metaphysics and make all its mysteries plain; in short, to take in the whole universal system, and adding truth to truth, and idea to idea, make myself the oracle of the grand epitome of all that is, or ever can be known, if faith and hope touch not my soul; if they hover not over me on angelic wings, and shed their pure and holy influences around me, lighting up the darkness and gilding the scenes of an earthly mortality? What are all these things to me, if the deathless yearnings and the irrepressible aspirations for a future and ever blessed immortality have no existence in my bosom; or must pass away and perish like the gorgeous hues of a rainbow, or the halo that circles in splendor the summer sun? Why, all these wonderful truths, all these sublime discoveries, all this vast fund of knowledge, sinks into nothingness, fades from view, disappears and is forgotten before one little hour of acute agony or pain. At such a moment they never thrust themselves upon the mind; they are never called to the attention; or if, perchance, they gleam for a moment across the disc of a phrensy brain, they as suddenly vanish, or are dismissed from the thoughts. Thus, one little moment of physical ill banishes all these gorgeous splendors of man's triumphant wisdom from view, and fixes the soul at home in the narrow precincts of its own domicile, concentrated upon some momentary pang, some brief agony of feeling. And this is so, whether it be of body or of mind.

Now, God made us to be happy; he has given us all things to make us so; and happiness was designed to be the essential element of our being. Of course, I do not mean to say perfectly and absolutely happy. The shadows of life that fall upon the pathway of all, and the clouds that always darken some sky, must, by turns, darken ours. Some of the necessary appointments of life, such as calamities, sickness and death, must essentially, at times, fling a veil of melancholy over the soul, and bring the tear of anguish to the eye. Yet these things, understood, are blessings in disguise. I only mean to state the sublime and incontrovertible truth, as a

general fact, that God made us to be happy. And it is our duty to be so! We ought not to be anything else. We cannot, for a moment, indulge the idea as compatible with God's character that he would force upon us a mode of being that was to entail misery upon us as an end. This can in no possible way be reconciled with his nature, for he is pure and perfect goodness itself, unmingled and unsullied, and his happiness consists, in part, that his creatures are happy.

One of the constituent elements of this happiness is supplied to us in the revealed truths which we are considering. We do not deny that man might have been happy without the glorious truths of revelations; but not *thinking*, intellectual, Godlike man. Degraded, besotted, benighted, and savage man—man as an animal—mere physical man, might have been happy. But so soon as he began to think, so soon as mind began to operate as mind, faith, hope, love, and trust would begin to throw it beyond the limits of this world, into that world of the future, where these sublime attributes of mind love to rest and expatiate; and soon as the soul began to throw off its gloomy shroud of ignorance and darkness, draw near to the blessed light of God's truth and its influences, and began to claim and to feel a relationship with beings and intelligencies of another and more beatified world, so soon would aspirations and yearnings for a blessed immortality begin to thrust themselves upon us. When mind begins to exist and operate as mind, it cannot be confined to this world. It belongs not altogether here. It will fly away in search of kindred spirits and genial scenes, beyond the boundaries of a sinful world, and rest and expatiate in a world for which it was ultimately designed, and toward which it manifests its every tendency. And this alone should be sufficient evidence to every man, that mind is immortal—that it can never die.

In just that proportion, then, in which men enlighten and elevate themselves by the operation and influences of mind, in just that proportion will they be yearning for immortality, and in just that proportion will they be doubtful, gloomy, and unhappy, if hope do not end in full and perfect assurance. This fact is demonstrated in the lives of the old heathen philosophers. They were as wise as it is, perhaps, possible for men to be, without the influences of a divine revelation; yet where will you find, take them as a body, a more unhappy race of men? They wrote beautiful theories, and expatiated in glowing terms upon the blessedness of a doubtful and problematical immortality; yet the wisest and the best of them, as Cicero confesses, looked upon immortality as a thing rather hoped for than believed. And, in the midst of the most flourishing periods of pagan philosophy, the world rather retrograded than advanced. But under the influences of the truths of the Gospel, it has made more progress in years, than it did in ages. And we never behold man the happy being that he may be, only under the influences of a Gospel of divine revelation, and the great truths that it brings out to view under the influence of its practical operations. Hence we say, that man's perfection of earthly happiness, which is but an incipient step to the heavenly, is not, neither can be, only as it is supplied by the revealed truths we are considering.

Now how are men capable of considering these great truths, so essential to their welfare and happiness, their peace and prosperity, their salvation from sin and moral death, when absorbed in the cares of a too busy life? When turmoils and anxieties come pressing around them from every side, and heart-aching, and heart-breaking losses and crosses and misfortunes, give good and unmistakable evidence that every feeling and affection of their nature is deeply absorbed in the consideration of worldly gain; and show that this world and its aggrandizements are the chief and all-predominating concern?



It is really painful to step out into any public mart, or to walk in any of the business streets of a city or town, and see with what earnestness and avidity men put their happiness and peace of mind at stake for merely worldly gains. Every eye is widely dilated to watch the turn of the penny and secure it in their grasp; every nerve is stretched to its utmost tension, every particle of brain is teeming and glowing with thought, and every faculty is exercised with its utmost ingenuity for good bargains. Every limb is in motion, and men move with the speed of engines, almost annihilating time, to stay the progress of the almighty dollar. It is really painful to look into those features that should be living and glowing with expressions of the light and the influence of God's love upon the soul, and yet how utterly destitute they are of any such expression, and how little they witness of any such divine and blessed influences. It is really painful to read in those faces the unmistakable evidences, the almost perfect demonstrations of the absence of all scripture knowledge, and the almost entire destitution of any acquaintance with the glorious truths of a blessed Redeemer, and Savior, a gospel of life and immortality, or a divine intercommunication of spirit with the Father of souls. These are facts, my brethren, and I only fear your consciences respond too truthfully to their utterance. The religious and sensitive mind, after such a survey, returns to its home, deeply and painfully impressed of the little real religion there is in the world, and the mere emptiness and pretension of the most that goes by that name.

But still, notwithstanding this high-wrought picture, which I do not think exaggerated,—still, I say, there are times when in the midst of the most busy life, men pause. Startling thoughts and emotions rush upon them without warning, unseen and unbidden, like the hollow and cheerless night wind that sweeps in fitful gusts over the landscape. These thoughts and emotions come rolling and accumulating and heaping their dread burthens upon the soul, till they weigh it and press it down, and stop it by force in its place; and some voice, with a terrible and fearful warning, as if from the spirit-world, whispers with a dread meaning in the soul's ear, "Immortal being! You were born for nobler purposes and nobler ends! You were born to *die*, as well as to live! Stop and *think!*" The idea that all this noise and stir and bustle must end; that of all we accumulate, we can take nothing with us; that life must end and death will come; these things give sudden and awful pause to life's chariot wheels. Some invisible monitor puts the questions to the soul, "What have I been doing for the *soul*, as well as the body? What efforts have I made to elevate that in the proper condition of its moral being and destiny? What sublime lessons of moral instruction concerning its own dignity and worth, have I imparted to it? In what manner have I been preparing it to cut loose its cables, and set sail for another and a better country? What single tie of life am I endeavoring to feel loosened, and what single desire of life to feel weakened without a lingering look or a lingering pang of regret, when life's last hour shall come?" As these things press upon the mind in all the intensity of a dread reality, man becomes pricked at heart, and almost involuntarily cries out, what shall I do? It may be that these things happen at a later period. It may be that sickness and death have already reached forth a hand to check the courser's fleet and headlong career. The mind under the influence of disease, is apt to become remarkably clear. The brain is relieved from the throbbing impulse of cares that press upon it, and weigh down the pinions of thought, that now, free and untrammelled, lift us into the serene atmosphere of unclouded thought, and permit us to survey life above its clouds and obscurities. Here, from the keenness of

our moral vision, the clearness of our perceptions, and from our elevated position, we are enabled, for the time being, to view life free from the passions and the prejudices of a pressing and crowded existence. We see it as it is; and we respond in bitterness of soul to the sentiment of the wise man, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!"

Now at such periods and in such distresses, men need consolation. Sometimes the pastor is sent for, and those things which should have been made a part and parcel of every day life, and every day's duty, are talked over, and such comforts and consolations as he can give are expected. But still this, to the pastor, is oft times an embarrassing situation. He wishes to give all the comfort and consolation he can tender under such circumstances, but oftentimes he knows very well that the person he addresses is not a man whose life has been such as it should be, or such as to make him susceptible to the more refined impressions and sympathies of a religion that requires all men to be perfect and holy as God is perfect and holy. Perhaps such a person has but little, if any, idea of religion; perhaps he has been a profane person and a scoffer, possessed of no religious sentiments at all, or if any, they are exceedingly indefinite and vague. Now, how can we reach, and touch, and melt such an one's soul under the tender, hallowing, and blessed influences of Christianity, with the same ease and the same happy effects as the soul of the good man and the Christian? How can we speak to him of the blessed recollections of a well-spent life,—of days passed in usefulness and honor, to bless himself and mankind,—of the clustering honors of a virtuous and happy life, and of the generations that shall rise up and call him blessed; the thoughts of which things are to buoy up and sustain the soul in the sinking hour of dissolution, and give it strength to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. If it were a Newton, a Howard, a Washington, or a Franklin, an Adams, or an Oberlin,—if it were a man whose soul had turned aside betimes to hold divine intercommunication with the Father of its being, we should know just how to begin a conversation, and just what to say. But alas! I know of no laws of mind by which we could speak with the same freedom and ease to such a soul, and fill it with the same delightful assurances that give life in death to the dying man, with which I would speak to him who had been a lover and a companion of God! I know of no laws of being by which such a person could enter Eternity upon the same footing of elevation, dignity and grandeur with such men as I have mentioned. It were doing violence to every principle and every motive that stimulates wise and good men, to assert it.

I know we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, but that this change extends to transforming the vilest sinner into a perfect saint, I think at least admits of question; nor am I prepared to give to it my unqualified assent. I know we shall all be as the angels of God, and be the children of God, being the children of the resurrection; but order is Heaven's first law, and who does not believe there are ranks and conditions of being in the blest abodes, as well as here. But this does not interfere with the happiness of any, for all will be happy according to their degree of attainment and capacity for happiness, and no man can be happier than that anywhere. But let me not be misunderstood. I only speak of the pastor's position, as being oftentimes an exceedingly embarrassing one; but I speak with no reference to the dogma of endless misery. I enter my earnest protest against such a doctrine. I am not able to say that men suffer no moral loss beyond the grave for their shortcomings here, for I know not; and it is more than I care about presuming to say. It is impossible I should know. The Scriptures are silent



upon the subject; and I cannot deal in assertions. But I do know from every analogy of reason, and from every page of Scripture, that no man can suffer endless punishment. And I could wish the idea of such a horrid thought would never enter the mind of the hearer, for it puzzles the understanding and causes unnecessary explication. But it has become so interwoven in creeds, and inwrought in the minds of men, that it seems impossible to banish it, or to cause men to entertain just and worthy views of God.

A few words by way of application and we have done. Do not let us wait till the bitter hours and the bitter memories of life prick us to the heart and force us to exclaim, "Men and brethren; what shall we do!" But let us be up and doing. I could wish I could do something besides preach! I wish I could make men *feel*. I wish I could make them think I stand here for some purpose, besides trying to make a mere passing impression,—a mere display of idle and unmeaning words. I wish I could make them realize that I have some soul in it, and that they ought to have some soul in it also. But so long as men only listen to be curious, and hear but to forget, I have but little hope of making any one better or wiser. And the thought of it hangs heavily upon my soul, and sometimes weighs it down with grief, making life seem like a drama, and mankind the unreal and feigned characters. But again I say, do not wait to ask "What shall I do?" but be up and *doing*. Falter not in life's pathway. Turn not your face from the resplendent sun of truth! Catch the light of it upon the mirror of your souls! Press onward, resolutely, vigorously, earnestly, triumphantly to the mark of the prize of your high calling. The world is watching you, and the world needs the light, and may and will profit from your example. It is impossible for a good man to live and not be felt! It is not the will nor the law of God that it should be so. Goodness cannot die! It will live! It will stir the world, till example exciting example, and virtue calling forth virtue, goodness shall unite with goodness and man with man, till the accursed bonds of ignorance and superstition shall be rent asunder, the chain of the tyrant and the yoke of the despot shall be thrown off. Mankind shall be emancipated and a shout shall go up from earth that will rend the skies and echo among the stars, "Thank God! once more the world is free!" Up and be *doing*, we say. Now, *now* is the time! There is not a moment to lose. Angels are waiting to help us! and God—oh, most glorious truth!—God with whom are all wisdom, and power, and goodness, and blessing, and who never suffered, and never will suffer virtue to struggle in vain,—God is bending in wondrous love and compassion, smilingly and approvingly, over you, if so be you be found diligent, even though you enter the vineyard at the eleventh hour.

Original.

#### INCULCATION OF JUSTICE.

A few days ago I was looking into the 5th volume of the Union, and on page 101, at the end of the Child's Book of Duties, the writer remarks, he could not find a piece of poetry in Juvenile books devoted to the inculcation of justice. The novelty of the observation determined me to search and ascertain its truth. I looked over an index to poetical subjects in 31 reading books for schools, from Enfield's Speaker to Hall's reader, McGuffie, Cobb, Pierpont, Frost, &c., and to my surprise could not find a single piece. Upon referring to Indexes of subjects in plays, I found many references and encomiums on it, though none expressly devoted to the inculcation of justice. The nearest were the following:

"To send the injured unredressed away,

How great soe'er the offenders and the wrong'd,  
Howe'er obscure, is wicked, weak, and vile,  
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king."

*Smollett's Regicide.*

"Of all the virtues, justice is the best.

\* \* \* \* \*

Justice, from reason and from heaven we have;

All other virtues dwell but in the blood;

That's in the soul, and gives the name of good."

*Waller's Poems.*

"If but one virtue did adorn a king,

It should be justice; many great defects

Are veil'd thereby—whereas, each virtuous thing

In one who is not just, the world suspects."

*Earl of Sterline's Darius.*

"Naught is on earth more sacred or divine,

That gods and men do equally adore,

Than this same virtue, that doth *right* define,

For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal men imbore,  
Right in their wrongs, are ruled by righteous lore."

*Spenser.*

I then looked into above 30 books of poetry, such as Bryant's, Mrs. Norton's, Tappan's &c. poems, but was equally disappointed,—not a piece expressly on the subject.

As a last resort, I took up hymn books, where there is a great want of an index to subjects. Among the few that had them I found only three pieces, one by Scott:

"If high or low our station be."

And two by Watt's

"Come let us search our ways."

Who shall ascend the heavenly place."

*New York, Nov. 1848.*

A. S.

Original.

#### OUR CAUSE IN VIRGINIA.

BR. SKINNER:—I have but just returned from a short cruise of some two weeks, in which time I have picked up some little information in regard to our great and glorious faith in this section of the 'Old Dominion,' which may perchance interest you or some of the readers of your paper. I visited Bell Haven, Accomac, Co., the scene of Br. Lumsden's early labors, and spent some days with the friends there, preached several times.

That society has a fine house and is free from debt, but has not had regular preaching in two or three years. At one time the congregation was large and everything was highly prosperous. The people in all that section of country became interested in the subject of religion—in the doctrines of Universalism. But through the extreme imprudence of some, a series of reverses were brought on, from which the cause has not yet recovered. Had there been good management and a prudent ministry, there can be no doubt, but that the cause would now embrace the largest and most respectable portion of the population of the whole county. As it is, there is a fine field of labor. There are some most excellent men and women, good Universalists, who are ready and willing to make earnest efforts for the cause. In justice to the friends, I ought to state, that the reason of their not having made any efforts recently to secure a preacher, has been, that they have been expecting the return of a young man by the name of Putnam, who went North to prepare for the ministry. He promised to return as soon as he completed his preparation. The 'Trumpet' is taken there by several, though they have complained that it breathes a little abolitionism. The friends are desirous of securing a preacher immediately. The church



that was recently organized at Norfolk, is doing nothing. They have no preaching there. In fact it is doubtful whether its existence will long be numbered among the living. Norfolk is a hard place, and Universalism stands but a poor chance there at present. Partialism and vice flourish outrageously there, and leave but poor opportunities for a liberal faith and virtuous conduct.

At Petersburg, there is no indication of the existence of Universalism, or that it has ever been preached there, though I think there are a few believers who do not bow the knee to the Baal of partialism. The place is entirely given up to *orthodoxy*, and is said to be the Sodom of Virginia, where sin abounds *ad infinitum*.

In Lynchburgh, the cause has long been languishing; but Br. Barre of Norfolk, intends to remove there in the course of the coming winter, and will make a strong effort to revive the good work in the midst of that people. He is an excellent man, and a bold and zealous defender of the faith. It is to be hoped that he will prosper the cause.

In Richmond, things remain, as lawyers would say, *in statu quo*. Our congregations have been steadily increasing, although there is not that degree of earnestness that I should like to see manifested by the friends. We are beginning to hold church conference meetings, by which it is hoped we shall be able to inspire a little more interest in the cause. Whether I am to remain here during the winter or not is unknown to me. I desire to, by all means, and hope to see, ere spring returns, our society strong in numbers, means, faith and good works. Our city has been in a blaze of excitement for the last four weeks. One of those old fashioned religious whirlwinds of the Knapp, Burchard, Finney and Maffit type, has swept over it and waked the fears of men, women and children into awful consternation. The loudest thunderings of damnation have been heard, the hottest fires of hell been kindled, and the sulphurous stench almost smelt. But while the flames have waved round the timid, and licked up here and there an excited and ignitable subject, our little society has remained unscathed and unharmed. The result of all the agony, and groans, and shouts, and terrors and tears, has been the conversion and re-conversion of some sixty or seventy giddy headed girls, timid old women, stupid, thoughtless men, backsliders. The spell is now broken, hell covered over, the devil tied up, the people are coming out of their spasms and the world jogs on apace, with the same Almighty hand beneath it, and the same Father's love about us all. Nor do I suppose the future destiny of a single soul is at all changed by all this great "labor for souls," or that the cause of pure and undefiled religion has been advanced, or even good morals promoted by the grand carnival of partialism which we have just witnessed. I hope to dissect the dead carcass of modern Revivalism soon, before the thinking and candid people of this city, and to show them the unholy elements that enter into its composition.

But, in conclusion, I must state a lamentable fact, and it is this, that the unfavorable condition of the cause in the places above mentioned, is owing to evils that have been in the societies, and in almost, if not in every instance, originating with the preachers of those societies. There has been a surprising, and I had almost said a criminal lack of even common prudence in nearly all the preachers who have been in these places. The south has thus far (I speak of Va.) been peculiarly unfortunate in its preachers. Not but what they have been talented men, but their management, or to use a political term, their administrations have been really unfortunate. Thus have our friends in the south become disheartened, and the cause been prostrated. In Lynchburgh our friends made a grand mistake in the location of their church.—Now these things ought to be looked to, for they are of

great importance. I am sorry to communicate these facts—but they are so. And let no preacher come South unless he is in the first place a *prudent, safe manager*, and in the second place, unless he has made up his mind to deal with the people as he finds them, and adapt himself to the work he finds here to do. The field of labor in the South is large, and I am satisfied will repay the faithful laborer who will enter it, well—aside from Richmond, whose people are the most popularity-seeking, fashion-rode, ignorant and bigoted of any I have ever known, there is a disposition to hear liberal doctrines,—and although we are few and weak in means and numbers, yet the time will come, I believe, when the people will listen to the truth gladly, yea rejoicingly.

Yours in the Gospel,

A. GAGE.

Richmond, Oct. 6, 1848.

Original.

### THE PATERNITY OF GOD—ITS MORAL INFLUENCE.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

God is the one Creator, and the one Father, "of whom, through whom, and to whom are all things." In wisdom and love unfailing he made the heavens and earth, and all that in them is,—all, from the clustered worlds and systems that sweep in solemn silence through measureless space, down to the humblest flower that lifts its head from the green sod; all, from man the noblest of his works, formed in his own image; to the frailest insect that flits its moment of life in the sunshine, or the worm that perishes unheeded beneath our careless tread. This God is the supreme and only One, the sovereign of the Universe—but he is also the Father of us all, and he is Infinite Love! In Him there is no darkness at all; no passion; no frailty, nor evil of any sort. He is Perfect altogether. He knows all things; and can do all things. His providence is over all; and with a pitying eye, with a forgiving spirit, and full of tenderness, he looks upon his children everywhere, and makes allowance with a merciful wisdom for all their weakness, for the strong passions of the earthy nature, and the manifold temptations with which they are beset. He sees all the circumstances of birth, physical constitution, education and social influence. He calls them to come to him; to lay upon him the burthens of their griefs and sorrows, to lean upon His strong supporting arm, to rest in the bosom of his love. He speaks to them words of comfort and encouragement by the way; He promises them that He will never forsake nor forget them; that all things shall at last turn to their good; that He reigns and rules, above all accident and evil, as their God, and guides their destinies as a Father, "from evil still educating good, and better still in infinite progression."

Such is the sacred and affecting truth of the paternity of God, and of the tender solicitude with which he watches over his children. And if it could only be understood and accepted into the inmost hearts of the people—if it could be developed, exhibited, and felt in its utmost power, to its utmost extent—oh! would not the whole world be certainly moved heavenwards by its influence! Would not the power of sin be broken, and the night of error, and doubt, and distrust be ended forever? Would not the darkened and sorrowful soul, like the prodigal of old, forsake its wanderings, leave behind the land of shame and famine, and rush homeward to the bosom of its Father and its God?

I believe so; and it is for this that I would have it exhibited, in all the fullness of its beauty and its blessing, to the wayward and the prodigal. Nothing will sooner restore him to his right mind, and bring him back from the far land of famine, to the plenty and the joy of the Father's house. It did it in the olden time. It will do it



again, when as faithfully preached as it was by Jesus and his chosen.

Let it be preached by the servants of God in the dreadful abodes that are reeking with depravity, and sin, and crime. Go to the children of shame and wrong, everywhere, and show them the Father; speak to them of his dear love; declare to them the fulness of his blessing and his compassion in Christ. Declare it as those divine ones did, without stint, or doubt, or fear; and we shall see it working out again the olden miracles of salvation. The spiritually blind shall see; the deaf shall hear; the lame and halt shall leap for joy; and the dead in trespasses and sin shall awake to newness of life and new obedience. The moral desert shall everywhere blossom as the rose; the wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them, and then shall come to pass the saying that is written, "Every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear, surely shall say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength, and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed"—"and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sighing and sorrow shall flee away."

Who can doubt it? If, when so imperfectly understood, and so marred by cruel falsehood, it has wrought out so much good for the Christian family, what will it not do when, freed from all error, it shall go forth in the fullness of its divine strength and beauty? If the right has been made so lovely with the light of the far off stars only, how glorious shall the day be when the sun has risen, and is over our heads, in the mid heavens!

## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

### "RELIGION IN AMERICA."

A work bearing the above title, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Robert Baird, was published in this country, A. D. 1844. It is an octavo of nearly 350 pages, and pretends to give an account of the origin, progress, relation to the state, and present condition of the evangelical churches in the United States, with notices of the unevangelical denominations. The work bears marks of much industry, and of a very patient and thorough study of the character and condition of the different religious sects in America. It is, however, utterly destitute of candor and fairness; and no more reliance can be placed upon its statements, than upon those of the greatest political demagogue of the land. We are sorry to be compelled to make such a charge against the work; but its statements are so grossly false, that we should feel ourselves to be shamefully unfaithful were we to permit it to pass without our severest censure. The author is now lecturing in this country, on different portions of Europe; and a very large share of the support he receives is from Universalists; and it is proper that they should know the man, that they may understand how far he may be regarded as reliable authority. It is very common for Europeans who have traveled through our country, to misrepresent our government and institutions, and to vilify our people. Dr. Baird panders to the same taste, though in his abuse of his countrymen, he distinguishes between the evangelical and the unevangelical; but while he is extravagant in his commendations of the former, he is equally extra-

gant in his abuse of the latter. As though anxious not to have travelers from abroad outdo him in the amount of their abuse, what he withholds from the evangelicals, he makes up by the extra amount he gives to the unevangelicals.

In proof of what we have said, we will give first, the manner in which he has classified the sects of this country. He divides them into two classes,—the evangelical and unevangelical. Among the former he places, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, &c. Among the latter he places Universalists, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Christians, Swedenborgians, Tunkers, Jews, Rappists, Shakers, Mormons, Atheists, Deists, Socialists, Fourierists, &c. Mr. Baird seems sensible of the meanness of such a classification, and says, that he would not wish to be understood as putting the more serious part of the Universalists on a level with Socialists, Shakers and Mormons, though he thinks all should be put in the same category; for none of them can be associated with those whose religion is the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. As though anxious to make his class of unevangelicals as large as possible, our model historian puts in Atheists, Deists, Socialists, and Fourierists as *sects*!! The man who would descend to such unfairness, is unworthy of the least credit for candor.

The manner in which Mr. Baird speaks of Universalists is in perfect keeping with the foregoing classification. He mistates our numbers. He says we have 540 preachers; 550 meeting-houses, and 875 Societies; which is about 100 too low in the first two statements. He misrepresents the character of our people. He says, that they are irreligious, profane, Sabbath breakers, drunkards, and haters of evangelical religion. He also says, that when a place of worship is opened, the low, idle, and vicious flock to it, and none others, except a few who are attracted by curiosity. This is infamous, and the man who will deliberately publish such falsehoods, is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. He may, perhaps, plead that he received his information from men who stand high in evangelical churches. But is it fair to go to an enemy to learn the character of Universalists? Why not go among them? Why not visit their churches? If he will come to Orchard-street Church, and I cannot show him as many truth-loving, honest, temperate, and sincere people, in proportion to our numbers, as he will find in any Society in New-York, I will own that his statement has a small mixture of truth. But there is no apology for such wholesale misrepresentation. Dr. Baird had the opportunity to know the character of Universalists. He belongs to the same country with them, and if he wished to describe them, he should have taken the means to know them.

In his notices of the evangelical sects, he is as extravagant in his eulogies, as he is denunciatory in speaking of the unevangelicals. In them he sees nothing but perfection—their preaching, their discipline, their order, their Christian worth, are all right. They are all *saints* of the highest order!

Such, reader, is the work sent out to enlighten England, France, Germany, and other European nations, respecting religion in America. If Dr. Baird is as unfair in his lectures upon Europe, as in the work before us, he is not worthy of any confidence; for here he has written in the spirit of a narrow-minded bigot. In matters pertaining to the governments, civil institutions, &c., he may be worthy of credit, but judging him by his work on America, he cannot be trusted on matters pertaining to religion.

O. A. S.

GUIDE TO HEALTH AND LONG LIFE: By R. J. Culverwell, M. D. Such is the title of a work done up in pamphlet form, by J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall,



## THE OBSERVER AND FREEMAN'S JOURNAL ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

It is singular with what tenacity some people hold on to their old errors. They stand like old dilapidated, ivy-clad castles, amid the surrounding life and improvement. To brush up or renew a single stone impairs the beauty of the rest. To defend the gallows seems to be considered a solemn duty, for they guard it as a holy thing, a main-stay of their favorite systems. This would be all well enough, if, in doing so, they would not resort to slander and personal abuse of those who think differently from them, in order to sustain their cause. They never condescend to make a fair statement of our arguments, or to interpose a candid reply. They either appeal to the conservative spirit or else assail the advocates of the reform, in order to excite prejudice against it and its advocates.

We have a sample of this in the Observer of week before last. A writer over the signature of "Homo," which by the way, sounds very much like "T. L." of by-gone years, notices the meeting lately held in this city. He does not give a single correct idea of the meeting; but favors his readers with a most wilful and wanton tirade of personal abuse and falsehood. It may answer the turn of such men to pursue such a cowardly, dishonest and contemptible course; but the public will demand it of them to come out from their lurking places, and show who they are, and what they want. We have always been ready to meet them in any fair and honorable way. We have defied them to debate these questions. Still they prefer to lie about us. Ya, we say it out-right, that "Homo" has LIED; and the N. Y. Observer has published and circulated these lies, we hope not knowingly, for we have always had a pretty good opinion of the Editors of that paper. The person to whom "Homo" alludes has for twenty years, been known to be opposed to war, and was so in the case referred to, having publicly and privately spoken against any resort to war. It was upon that point that he differed from the distinguished individual alluded to. Why then does he say, "his very soul was pained at the failure of that most humane attempt to bring on all the horrors of civil war, bloodshed, and incendiarism." Has he nothing better to talk about? Can he find nothing but falsehood and vituperation with which to meet the open advocates of the abolition of the gallows? Then would it be better for him "to hide his diminished head" and remain silent in his covert place. In pity for him we advise him to do so.

The "Freeman's Journal" is a paper professedly in the service of the Romish Church. The Observer does not think much of its editor. It publishes from the "Church Times" the following:

"But we will hand the young man over to his brother editor of the Catholic Herald, who in replying to a long and abusive article, says of it, that he 'has rarely met, in any paper claiming to be respectable, such an exhibition of ill temper,' and 'that he would rather suffer in silence than scandalize his readers by retaliating after the Freeman's own fashion.' Of a portion of the same article the Herald says, 'it contains more misrepresentation, self-conceit, arrogance and insolence than we have ever seen compressed into the same space.' A clerical correspondent gives a charitable explanation of the vulgarities and even blasphemies of the Freeman by saying that in New York 'the editor is thought at times not to be very sound in the attic.' With this we dismiss the editor, saying that until he can earn a good character at home, he will secure very little respect abroad."

The feigned ignorance of the editor in reference to our person is strong proof that he cares little for our authorities. But if

he sincerely, asks if we will accommodate him with the information.

It is not long since we saw, if we remember aright, a piece in the Observer headed "The Freeman's Journal in Purgatory." The similarity of sentiment in the two papers indicates a near proximity to each other. There cannot be a great gulf between them.

## TORMENTORS OF THE SICK AND DYING.

The canting and whining officiousness of a certain class of professors, who make it their business to disturb the peace and destroy the hopes of the dying, is most impertinent and insufferable, not to say unchristian and inhuman. The cases are very common where they seek out the death-bed of persons whose views of God as a kind Father, of Jesus as a loving Savior, and Heaven as a final home of mankind, give them more peace and joy in that trying hour than they themselves possess; and labor by every indirect means to weaken their faith, by throwing a suspicion over the benevolence of God, the sufficiency of Christ, and the prospect of their own salvation, thinking that if they can succeed in raising doubts and destroying peace they have done a good work. Miserable themselves, they cannot be satisfied without making others so. What do they want? To make the dying fear the devil more than God? Do they think that to believe in the endless misery of vast numbers of God's children, will make them more willing and ready to die, or improve their "chances" of salvation? Poor, mistaken zealots of a false creed! Those who see their errors should help them improve their habits. They should not be allowed to visit the sick to trouble them with their Jesuistic interference.

Cases are constantly coming to our knowledge where these tormentors of the dying, have sought, in their mistaken zeal, to intermeddle with the holiest privacies of the heart, laboring with as much assurance, as a Catholic priest would to extract a confession of some poor creature trembling like a culprit before a judge. Fortunately they rarely succeed in their merciless efforts. But they show little disposition to amend their ways. They should not be permitted to harass the minds of the sick with their cruel doctrines. If they will not be dissuaded from such inhumanity, they should be forbidden admission into the sick room. Physicians should look to this business as they desire the recovery or tranquil death of their patients, if the friends have not judgment and manliness enough to do it.

W. S. B.

## MEETING ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

An unusually interesting meeting was held in the Lecture Room of Hope Chapel on Monday evening of the 13th ult. It was decidedly one of the largest and best meetings ever held in this city on that important subject. Speeches were made by Messrs. Buckingham, Greeley, and Balch. The former advocated the abolition of the gallows in an able speech of more than an hour. His review of a portion of Dr. Cheever's sophistry, was most admirably done; clear, direct, and searching, yet breathing a candid and excellent spirit. We were glad to hear that several Orthodox clergymen were present. It will not harm them to come into the light occasionally.

A series of resolutions was presented by Mr. Titus, and adopted, calling upon the opponents of the gallows throughout the State, to act, and act immediately in reference to petitioning the next Legislature upon the subject. A form of petition was also adopted, which is ready for signatures.

Deaths in New York last week 249.



## OPPOSITION NO CAUSE OF DISCOURAGEMENT.

We find it difficult to suppress a smile, when our friends tell us in serious and sober earnest, that opposition to our cause is so strong, bitter and determined in their neighborhood, that the prospect is quite discouraging. Now we regard this very circumstance, as a most hopeful indication. We have lived to see some who were once the bitterest enemies of our faith, converted into its warmest friends and advocates. Indeed so many cases of this kind have occurred, that when we see a person that is particularly bitter and active in the work of opposition, we have come to regard it as a tolerably sure indication, that the leaven of truth is at work in that person's mind, and where the struggle is fairly commenced between truth and error, we need indulge in no apprehension as to the result. We have observed also that those times when, opposition has been apparently strongest, and most active, have been the very periods when Universalism has been most prosperous, and achieved its highest triumphs. Like gold tried in the furnace, this truth, emerging from the flames of persecution, becomes purer and shines the brighter. It has been so with bigots and persecutors, from Saul of Tarsus to the present time, that their mad rage has helped onward the cause which they designed to oppose, and cases without number have occurred, in which has been strikingly illustrated the truth of that divine declaration, the "Lord causeth the wrath of man to praise him."

Were these things duly considered, instead of meanly shrinking from the post of duty in the hour of danger, or cowering before opposition, and lamenting and dreading, our friends, would find that they have reason to bless God for it, and take courage from it, and would be incited to greater diligence, zeal and faithfulness, in their holy calling. The truly brave and courageous, rejoice when an opportunity is presented to display their courage and their strength. And every good soldier of the cross should rejoice when called to battle for the right and the true, under circumstances that place him above the suspicion of being actuated in his cause, by any other motive than the love of truth. Such will ever be sustained by the conviction that, however dark and discouraging present prospects may be, "the truth is of God, and he will defend it."

S. C. B.

## MELROSE SEMINARY, BRATTLEBOROUGH, VT.

The Fall Term of this School has just closed. The Catalogue shows the names of *ninety* students. We visited the School near the close of the term and were much pleased with the system of instruction and government, adopted by Rev. Mr. Lee, the Principal, aided by his accomplished lady, the Preceptress of the female department, and Mr. Murphy and Miss Jenison, assistant teachers. The scholars generally seemed to be deeply interested in their studies, and anxious to qualify themselves for positions of usefulness and honor.

What a change has been wrought in twenty years in that neighborhood. Then few persons dared confess themselves liberal in their religious views. The young were particularly subject to abuse and neglect if they said a word favoring Universalism while attending high Schools and Academies. I used to try and arouse the believers, old and young, to take a bold stand and defend themselves manfully. Others followed, and believers and societies rapidly multiplied. Now we have churches in nearly every town, and an excellent Academy of 90 students. Even some children of the orthodox attend our schools. It is the Lord's doings.

Mr. Lee continues the Seminary during the winter. It is a fine place to attend school.

W. S. B.

## MISSIONARY MEETING.

The meeting of the New-York Universalist Missionary Society, in the Vestry of the Orchard Street Church on Monday evening last, was of a most interesting and profitable character. After the usual preliminary exercises, Mr. Balch, in accordance with the announcement previously made to the public, entertained the meeting with an address of considerable length, setting forth the condition and prospects of our cause in the various countries that he visited during his recent tour in Europe, and relating many interesting incidents of travel. As it is expected that the substance of his remarks will be given in the communications he is preparing for the paper, and which may be expected from him shortly, we forbear to anticipate the narrative. Short addresses were also made by Messrs. Chapin, Rayner, Lyon, Skinner and Bulkeley, setting forth the importance of this enterprise, and the duty and necessity of a more vigorous prosecution of the work. From the numbers in attendance, it really seemed that a new interest had been awakened, which if it shall be properly sustained, cannot fail to be attended with the happiest results. It is acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the operations of this Society, that it has been one of the most efficient instrumentalities that has been employed for the diffusion of our sentiments in this community, and it only needs a more liberal support to render it far more efficient than it ever has been.

The executive Committee reported that they had engaged Rev. S. J. Hillyer, to labor as Missionary one fourth of the time for the ensuing year. This, to be sure, is an excellent appointment, and will answer very well as far as it goes. But is this all that we are to have, to supply the great and growing wants of our cause in this vicinity? We trust not. There is ample room for more labor of this kind, and pressing need of it, and we must never think of slackening our efforts until more ample provision is made for those wants. We shall hope to see such numbers in attendance at the adjourned meeting in Bleeker-street next month, and such zeal and liberality too, as will convince the world that we are in earnest in our profession of regard for our fellow creatures, and save us from the reproach that must result from neglecting our privileges, in sustaining this blessed cause, with a liberal hand.

S. C. B.

## ANECDOTE.

A genuine disciple of John Calvin, says the "Primitive Expounder," in conversation with a quaker friend, turned his discourse upon the subject of Universalism; and as is usual with such believers of that stamp, had a world of hard things to say against the doctrine, denouncing it as licentious and demoralizing in the extreme. After listening to his discourse for a while, the Quaker replied, "Friend, I think thee hadst better have a care what thou sayest against that sentiment, for I think thee at last will stand in need of a universal Savior as much as any one that I know of in this section." Quere—Is not this the case with the most of those who are in a habit of railing against the doctrine?

## SERMON FROM REV. T. CLAPP.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of a MS. Sermon from Rev. T. Clapp. He will accept our thanks for the favor. We shall publish it in a few weeks.

A curious old town is Hingham, Mass. In their list of 917 voters, there are only 239 names. There are 56 Herseys, 42 Cushings, 38 Spragues, 36 Lincolns, 36 Gardners, 35 Stodders, 21 Whitons, and so on.



## OBITUARY.

Died in Newark, N. J., Nov. 18, 1848, FRANCES CAROLINE GALLAGER, aged 33 years, wife of Rev. James Gallagher.

Mrs. G. was born in North Carolina, but brought up in Philadelphia. She was the daughter of Mr. David Oliver, a preacher in the Methodist denomination, and married Br. James Gallagher Sept 22, 1838. She left four children. Shortly after her marriage, by a study of the Bible and listening to the preaching of Brs. A. C. Thomas and S. W. Fuller, she became a believer in the salvation of the world. It was a doctrine congenial with her own benevolent feelings. She was naturally a most kind and affectionate woman, and was led to look with utter abhorrence upon the doctrine which ascribed endless cruelty to the character of God. In 1839, Br. Gallagher having entered upon the duties of the Gospel Ministry, took charge of the Universalist society in Pottsville, Pa., and at its organization she united in the fellowship of the Church in that place. Here she was of great assistance to her husband in his pastoral duties, and by her mild, pleasant, and forbearing manner, endeared herself to all with whom she mingled, and called forth the warmest friendship from the members of the Society, as the numerous tokens of love presented her upon removing and afterward, abundantly testify. In the fall of 1842, her husband's health demanding a change of location, she removed with him to Providence, R. I. Remaining here but nine months, during which time circumstances prevented her mingling much in society, she had not much opportunity to become acquainted, though she gained the esteem of many warm hearts. Br. G. removed from Providence to Newark, N. J. During her residence there she was all that could be asked of a pastor's wife. She mingled freely with the members of the Society, gaining their esteem and affection, and winning the respect and confidence of persons of all denominations.

Three years ago she laid for several weeks sick with the typhus fever, and was given up by her friends. She expected to die, and was perfectly resigned and happy. She made all the arrangements for her funeral, and bade farewell to all her friends, requested her husband to "tell her mother that she died in the full hope of the world's salvation." It was during this illness, and when she thought she was dying, that she exclaimed, "I thank God for the day that he made me a Universalist!" and bursting into tears, she said, "O, how could I die happy, believing in the doctrine of endless punishment."

Unexpectedly to all she recovered from this sickness, and enjoyed a happy visit, in the fall of 1845, to the General Convention, then held in Boston. Her health from this period until her last sickness was only tolerable. In March, (the last Sunday,) she was in Church. The following week she had a very severe attack of bleeding at the lungs, which completely prostrated her. Medical aid was immediately sought, and all that could be done was tried, but in vain. For her children's sake she was anxious at first to recover her health, and was willing to make every effort. Through the summer she so far recovered as to be able to walk and ride out. But in September she had another attack of bleeding at the lungs, and from that time she gradually wasted away, suffering very greatly from exhaustion and continual coughing. No one but God knows what she suffered. But she bore it all in the most *patient, humble, trusting* spirit, remarking "I sometimes long to be away. I ought to be more patient, and I will endeavor to be. She had made herself acquainted with the most lovely views of God's character, had the most exalted and endearing conceptions of Him, had studied well and faithfully the Scriptures, knew well the rich promises of the Gospel, had the brightest and most cheering views of immortality, frequently remarking, "I feel myself like a little child in the hands

of my heavenly Father." In speaking of the act of dying she said to her husband, "I sometimes think of death as dark and gloomy, but then I think that my Redeemer has passed through it, and why should not I do so?" When the fact was manifest that she must soon die, there was but one thing that interrupted the usual calm and hopeful current of her feelings; that was the idea of giving up her children. She was affectionately and devotedly attached to them, and to leave them without a mother's care, especially the youngest, but a little over 2 years old, was a painful struggle; but she found the grace of God sufficient even for this trial. "I have shed many tears," said she, "in view of this trial, but for some time I have given my children all up to the Lord; I feel that they do not belong to me any more." She had two small Bibles procured, which she presented to the two oldest, urging them to read them and be good,—it was her last gift—she was about to die.

Some one asking her if she had any fear of death, she replied, "No, I do not fear. An Apostle says, God is love. I do not fear to trust my heavenly Father, who is love. His goodness has followed us all our days, and surely he will not desert us in the hour of need."

Another time Br. G. asked her what portion of Scripture she would like him to read to her, she replied the 15th of 1st Corinthians, which having been read, she said, "how strong and plain that is in confirmation of Universal salvation." "I love," said she, "to read those parts of St. Paul's writings which speak of death, and the resurrection, and immortality. What a blessed promise is that in Romans 8th, 'For I reckon that the sufferings of this life,' &c. Another time, just before she died, Br. G. asked her how Universalism appeared to her then. "The same," she replied, "as it always appeared when I was in health. I could not be happy with any other faith. It sets forth the only chance of salvation—the grace of God."

She was anxious, when persons of different faith visited her, to give them to understand her views and feelings; that it was her faith in God and hope of meeting the whole world in heaven, that made her so resigned and happy.

The day of the General Convention in Hartford, Br. G. was speaking of its enjoyments, and saying how he should like to be there. Said she, "*When we all meet in heaven, that will be a grand Convention.*" Again, when she suffered most, said she, "there is no rest for me here, but I shall soon rest upon the bosom of Jesus," and to the last moment she exhibited the most childlike trust and filial confidence. Only ten minutes before she breathed her last she told Br. G. she was *very* happy at the prospect before her. She longed for the time of her departure.

Several weeks previous to her death she desired Br. Skinner to visit her, that she might have the Communion administered. He accordingly went to Newark, and attended to that solemn service. Several friends were present. The occasion was very affecting. In her conversation with Br. Skinner she expressed her perfect submission to the Divine will, and her full confidence in the doctrine of Universal Salvation. She was calm, resigned and happy. She made the arrangements for her funeral, and desired Br. Skinner to attend and preach the sermon. Being absent, however, at the time, the sermon was preached by Br. Balch, who was assisted in the service by Br. Chapin. A minister never had a more devoted and affectionate wife, or a more cheerful and faithful assistant in his pastoral duties.

## TROY, N. Y.

The friend who desires the correction in relation to the debt of the Society in Troy, is informed that he will find in Br. Skinner's notice of his visit there, the particulars given as he desires.



## LETTER FROM JAFFREY, N. H.

We take great pleasure in laying the following extract of a letter from the above named place before our readers. It is from one of our most estimable and talented preachers. We have many old friends in Jaffrey, that we should rejoice to see. In the commencement of our ministry, we preached there regularly once a month for a year. Then our friends had no meeting-house, though they had a right in the town-house, which they occupied a fourth of the time. The cause has progressed greatly since then, not only in Jaffrey but in various parts of the State. Let the people thank God and take courage.

JAFFREY, N. H., Nov. 9th, 1848.

BR. SKINNER:—As to the cause of our Master, as you and I understand it, it seems to me that it is steadily advancing in this section of country. Without the aid of excitement, or artificial appliances, but with only reason and argument to advance it, any cause that is ever so well founded in truth, must advance, not rapidly, but steadily and slowly. And this is always the best and surest in the end. The little germ that finally grows into the noble and majestic oak, shoots forth not with rapid progress, but with steady and even growth, from year to year. I trust that the progress of the doctrine of God's equal and efficient grace holds a strict analogy to the above. We may often, in our impatience and short-sightedness, judge that the truth is feeble and even declining; that it is not so, I trust; and we may be convinced that it is not, if we will take our observation from one period to another. Go back, Br., S. to the time when you were heralding the doctrine of our Master on the hills of New Hampshire, some twenty years ago, and compare the condition of things as they then existed with them at present. That there has been a change you probably very well know. And that the next twenty years will produce a change equally great I can see no reason to doubt. It is true that the outward appearance or nominal increase of numbers, may not be so great; yet there may be a change below the surface, in the workings of truth on the mind and life and character, which shall equal, if not exceed, what we have seen in the past. I trust it will be so. The foundations of ancient Theology are wearing away. The public mind is everywhere growing more liberal. And there is no power in the world that can stay the progress of Liberal Christianity. It may meet some reverses, and it may have to struggle hard against opposition, yet it will conquer. The past and the present combine to bear proof of the fact.

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,

STILLMAN CLARKE.

## BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS.

Some people say they can write well with a poor pen. It is as much as we can do to write readably with a good one. We have been to Mr. Bagley's, 189 Broadway, and bought us a new, first rate gold pen—one of his best—and good enough it is.—Hereafter if our printer makes blunders, he shall not scold at us nor our pen, for a better cannot be found in New York. We would recommend all bad writers to go straight off to Mr. B's. and get a new pen. He will be sure to suit them. Good writers must have been there already.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET.—The present number of this excellent work closes the present volume. A new volume commences in January. The Editor says, "it will be beautiful beyond any of the preceding." It will contain one hundred wood engravings and nearly seven hundred pages of reading matter. For one copy \$1. for 10 do. \$7. D. S. Woodworth, publisher, 135 Nassau st.

## GRAY'S NEW PICTURE.

The following description of a very elegant painting by Mr. Gray of this city, one of our most promising artists, is from the *Columbian Magazine*.

It is gratifying to record the essays of our countrymen in those nobler forms of art which have shed such a halo of glory around the memory of the Old Masters. The lamented Cole has left enduring monuments of the objective Epic which have identified his name with poetry, as well as imitative art. "The Wages of War," from the easel of H. P. Gray, Esq., which will probably continue for a short time at his studio in Franklin-street, is an allegorical picture of this nature which we think highly honorable to his genius. Though the *tout ensemble* strikes the eye impressively as a single scene in which two combatants seem to have been just engaged, fatally to one, while the wife of the victor and the widow and child of the victim express the intense emotion proper to the scene, this is not the more obvious, poetic import of the picture. Like many admirable models of the antique, it is divisible into compartments, each expressive of a different aspect. On the right we have a youthful warrior, armed and impatient to go forth to war; his young wife hangs upon his neck in weeping agony at his departure, and the interest of Hector's tender parting with Adromache is brought before us with a master's power.—The features of the hero admirably unite the sentiments of inflexible decision and the tenderest love. In the next stage we see the fallen warrior half raised by his left hand, which grasps convulsively a broken lance, his right, Marmion-like, attempting to brandish what he dreams to be a sword, though but "the fragment of his blade," while life is ebbing from his side, and fading from his pallid brow. And now the widowed wife droops over the sarcophagus where all her hopes of earthly happiness have been entombed forever. Her sweet boy stands at her side in helpless infancy, and stretches forth his little hand as if to challenge the kindness of a world that no more contains for him a natural protector. The details are given with elaborate skill. The lowering lurid sky; the various draperies; the suggestive reliefs of the monument; the admirable "form and pressure" of the fallen man; the perfect contrast in the muscle and complexion of the warrior at the commencement and the close of his career; the attitudes of all the figures, and the artistic portraiture of manly, feminine, and infant beauty, are deserving of all praise. We congratulate our artist friend on his success, and the public on the addition to the American cabinet of so beautiful a gem of native art.

## ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

A friend and subscriber, writing to us from Bolivar, Ala. says, "I feel gratified in saying to you that our much loved faith is making considerable progress in this section. Though but few, as yet, dare openly manifest their attachment to this cause, yet many are known to cherish a warm regard for it, who have not the moral independence to avow their faith publicly. Notwithstanding the violent opposition which we have to encounter, in this strong hold of Orthodoxy, the leaven of truth is gradually working its way, and we trust is destined to operate until the whole mass is leavened. All the powers of darkness and error combined cannot successfully resist its progress."

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.—Parts 65 and 66 of this elegant work have been received. The first is embellished with a fine engraving, designed to represent the meeting of Jacob and Esau. The second, with a representation of "Mount Tabor, looking towards Gilboa and the Jordan."



## MERITS OF CHRIST.

Much is said by Trinitarians about the merits of Christ. Now it so happens that this is a phrase not found in the Bible.— Besides, nothing can be more absurd than the idea, so generally entertained, that the merits of one being can be transferred to another, and that we can be reckoned righteous on account of what another has done. The Bible knows nothing of any such transfer; but estimates every man as righteous in proportion to his personal goodness. Hence the command. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." And the Bible explains how we can become thus perfect. It is not by having Christ's righteousness transferred to us, but by loving all men as God loves all.

## THE CHRISTIAN AT HOME.

There is no better test of Christian character than the conduct of a person at home. When abroad in the world he knows that the public eye is upon him, and that his conduct will be scrutinized by those who will not hide his faults or apologize for them. At home, he is differently situated: and hence there he acts himself. There we see him as he is—we know his heart, his temper, his control of his feelings, and how far true principles govern him. Hence, before we can judge a man we must know him at home, where his mask is thrown off, and he is seen in his true character. How many who now pass for burning and shining lights, it thus judged, would be found among the most sadly defective, of all human beings!

## YOUTH'S FRIEND.

Such is the title of a very neat little paper, published at the "Star Office" in Cincinnati, Ohio. The matter contained in it is taken from the Youth's Department of the "Star in the West," and is designed especially for Sabbath School children. It has hitherto been confined mostly to the city of Cincinnati, and vicinity, but measures have recently been taken to give it a more extended circulation. Rev. H. Jewell, the worthy pastor of the First Universalist Society in Cincinnati, and who has ever been known as one of the most faithful and devoted friends of the Sabbath School cause, is the editor. We wish him abundant success in this laudable enterprise. Those who desire the publication can address Rev. H. Jewell, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A few weeks since we published a statement that Mr. E. Watson, deceased, of Portage, Ohio, had donated his estate, variously estimated at \$15,000 to \$40,000, to two Universalist societies. The Chicago New Covenant, in commenting on Mr. Watson's liberality, relates the following facts:

"There is an incident connected with this matter which deserves notice. There is a church of Episcopalians in the town in which Mr. Watson resided, and only about a mile and a half from his residence. In his original will he had made over his property equally to this Episcopal Church and the two Universalist Churches. A young man of irreproachable character, living in the neighborhood and beloved by all who knew him, suddenly died. The Episcopal Clergyman preached the funeral sermon, in which he consigned the young man to endless torments. Mr. Watson could not stand this. He made up his mind that a Church which held such a horrid faith as would send so amiable and virtuous a young man to an endless hell, should have none of his money. He accordingly went home and immediately altered his will, striking out the Episcopal Church, and leaving all his estate to the two Universalist Societies."

## DO NOT RESENT INJURIES.

There is no law which we find it more difficult to obey than that which forbids our resenting injuries. The first impulse of the heart is to give wrong for wrong, and to pay back in curses the curses heaped upon us. And yet nothing is more unlike the Savior. When reviled, he reviled not again. Neither is there anything which makes man appear so small, so unworthy his nature. It is the work of a weak mind to redress injuries; but of a noble mind—one of high and holy principles—to forgive injuries. There is no heart to which vengeance is so sweet, as the heart of a savage; and nothing renders a man so odious. We cannot love the company of such an one. We shrink from him as from a ferocious beast.

## BEREAVEMENT.

Sad are the hearts of the bereaved. They bleed in anguish, because those to whom they clung, with all their strength of human affection, are silent in death. How blessed to such is the Gospel of Jesus. It assures them that those whom they mourn have gone to a better world, one where sickness, pain and sin are not known. And what can be more comforting than such an assurance? It is a consolation of more value than all the wealth of the world. The doctrine of immortality then, is of inexpressible worth. Strike it from the Gospel, and the bereaved would have no consolation; but let it stand, and the grave is illumined with a divine light, and becomes the gateway to eternal blessedness. Let it stand, and earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot cure.

## DUTIES OF YOUNG WOMEN.

A new edition of this popular and useful publication, written by Rev. E. H. Chapin, has been received. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the work. It is neatly printed, handsomely bound, and deserves, as it will doubtless receive, an extensive circulation. G. W. Briggs, Boston, Publisher. It is for sale at this office.

## FORMATION OF A CHURCH.

A Universalist church of about forty members has been formed in Burke, Vt.

TYTLER'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.—We have received from Fowler and Wells, 131 Nassau st., the first No. of a most useful and interesting work from the pen of Tytler. It is made up of the Lectures delivered by the author, while Professor of Civil History, and Greek and Roman Antiquities, in the University of Edinburgh. It was originally published under the title of "Elements of History," though in a very abbreviated form. The present work is completed, and embraces the Lectures in full. T. Wiley Jr. Publisher, Boston. The work will be issued in eleven numbers, each number 25 cts.

MORMONS COMING FROM EUROPE.—A party of 225 English emigrants, professing this delusion passed through St. Louis on the 8th, en route for the Mormon settlement on the Great Salt Lake. Three or four hundred more were to have embarked from Liverpool last month for the same destination via New Orleans.

John Harrison convicted of keeping a gambling house in Barclay st. N. Y. has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$250, and be imprisoned in the Penitentiary for three months.



## Miscellaneous Department.

Selected.

### GOOD NIGHT.

All that there was to do, to-day, is done ;  
There is no more for thee, so to thy bed  
Betake thee with God's blessing; there to sleep  
Only in expectation of the morn.  
Well said at night, when thou, as all men, findest  
Business and thinking like a light go out.

And when thou diest, say thou words such like :  
Here is no more for thee to do, what thou  
Shouldst as a man, thou hast achieved it all ;  
Therefore, unto thy grave go down, and take  
God's blessing with thee, for thou there shalt sleep  
Only in expectation of the morn.

With both these sayings thou but sayest one truth ;  
One and indeed the same, for as the day,  
Even so man's life goes out, and as the rest,  
The little rest after the day, is sweet,  
So sweet it is, after the heat of life  
To rest, and secretly, and unawares,  
Enter the past, where all is still and dead,  
Where only may be, what is dead and done with.

SCHAFER.

### WHITNEY'S PROPOSED RAILROAD TO OREGON.

*Freeman Hunt, Esq. Editor of the Merchant's Magazine, &c.*

DEAR SIR :—The unprecedented, and I may say outrageous, attack from the Hon. Mr. Benton, in the United States Senate, on the 29th July last, which, it appears, was caused in part by his fears that I may make a claim on the government for having remained at Washington during four or five sessions, having walked upon the carpets of the capitol and annoyed members of Congress, renders it not improper (even without his permission) to simply state my position, so obnoxious to that gentleman.

I believe it is pretty generally known that I have devoted four years exclusively to the subject of a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean, and that I devoted a part of two other years to the same subject in Asia. That I have explored and examined more than 800 miles of the route—explored 1,500 miles of the Missouri River, as also other streams, to ascertain where they could be bridged; and that a great part of the country over which I passed had never before been traversed except by savages, and those who accompanied me can attest to these facts; and now Mr. Benton says that my "surveys have extended only from one end of this capitol to the other."

My explorations extended as far as was my first intention, and as far as was necessary. It was for my own account, and at my own expense, and its results not fully published to the world. My object, was to ascertain the facilities which the country might afford for, and the value of the lands on which depended the entire work. The explorations of Col. Fremont, with accounts from many others, had satisfied me of the feasibility of the whole route.

I have done all this at my own expense, and have never asked Congress to appropriate one dollar for me. Even the printing of maps to accompany reports of committees, has been objected to by Mr. Benton, and were furnished at my own expense; and in no instance has Congress paid for any extra printing.

In addition to all my time, I have expended a very handsome sum of money, and have never made any claims upon Congress, and now Mr. Benton appears to be horrified from the fear of a claim, (except, perhaps, from a particular quarter;) and that his mind may not be "disturbed," but be at rest on my account, I do hereby forever renounce any, all and every claim upon Congress or the people, for my efforts to get a railroad to Oregon.

My motive was, to benefit the country and the world. I

was willing to give my life, my all, to the work which appeared to me so very important. If I have failed in my object, I am happy in knowing I have not drawn one dollar from the public treasury, but have heretofore paid large sums into it.

I am also happy in believing that the country at large understood and sustained me. Eighteen State legislatures (generally by unanimous votes of the two houses) passed resolutions approving and recommending the adoption of my plan, declaring it the only feasible one by which this great work could ever be accomplished, and instructing and requesting their delegates in Congress to vote for it.

A committee in the 28th Congress reported in its favor. The Senate's Committee on Public Lands of the 29th Congress, introduced a very full report unanimous in its favor, with a bill to carry it out. Said report contained a full though concise statement, geographical, commercial, and statistical, of all Asia, Japan, China, India, Polynesia, and all the islands, population, commerce, products, resources and all, which cost me much time and labor.

At the present session of Congress, the House appointed a select committee of nine, to examine and report upon it; the report was unanimous in its favor, with a bill to carry it out.

The Senate also appointed a select committee of five for the same object—Mr. Niles, (chairman,) Mr. Dixon H. Lewis, Mr. Bell, Mr. Felch, and Mr. Corwin. A bill was prepared by the chairman, and after examinations and amendments at several meetings, the committee were unanimous, and reported the bill to the Senate. On Saturday, 29th July last, Mr. Niles moved to take it up for consideration, when it was attacked in a boisterous and unparliamentary manner by Mr. Benton, who, it is presumed, had never read, or even knew, the enactments and conditions of the bill. He closed with a motion to lay the motion on the table, which, not being debatable, prevailed, 27 to 21, with several Senators absent, who are friendly to, and would vote for the bill, and several voted to lay Mr. Niles' motion on the table, believing there would not be time to act upon it at the close of the session, while there was so great a press of other unfinished business, as also the exciting territorial bills, and who say they will vote my bill at a more suitable time.

To the people at large, to the many public meetings, and to the eighteen State legislatures, who have encouraged and sustained me, is due this explanation. I have acted for them, and not for myself; to them and to my country have I done my full duty, without the expectation of other reward than that of being the instrument of benefit to mankind. If they are satisfied with this end, I surely shall not complain.

If I have been troublesome to, and interrupted members of Congress, it was not for myself, but for my country, as a duty, and feeling that every intelligent gentleman (and more especially members of Congress) would find pleasure in examining a subject promising so much good; and I am happy in being able to say that in almost all instances I have been received as politely and civilly as I could have desired.

The work proposed is so large, and the results promised so immense, that it is not surprising those who would not take the trouble to investigate, have pronounced it impracticable and visionary. But in no instance have I found a man, or a body of men, who would hear and examine, that were not convinced and satisfied of its perfect feasibility and vast importance. The farmers and mechanics from one extreme of the country to the other, understand, and are in favor of it. Therefore my views (however large they may appear to those who have never examined the subject) have been so fully and strongly sustained, that I feel they cannot justly be called "visionary, or a humbug."

I have shown to the people the plain and simple way by which this great work might be accomplished; have explained its great importance and vast results, giving us the entire control of the commerce of all the world; and it now appears that there are members of Congress who have not even read the bill. It is evident Mr. Benton has not, from his violent opposition to that which is not proposed in the bill. He objects to granting 100,000,000 acres of land to one individual.

"Why, he says, it is monstrous." Now the bill proposes to sell about 78,000,000 acres, good, bad, and indifferent, under specified terms and conditions, all so guarded that the government could not possibly lose one dollar.

This project has been so often explained to the public that it ought to be understood. So different is it from a grant to me of 100,000,000 acres, that I have not even asked for, or



does the bill provide that I can take one acre of land, until I shall have completed ten miles of road in advance, which every one of experience must know will cost, for such a road as the bill provides, \$200,000. Then if the commissioner, the government, the people and all, are fully satisfied, I am allowed to sell 5 miles by 60 of land on the line of the road, and an equivalent somewhere else for any that may have been sold out of this 5 miles by 60, in all 192,000 acres; which, at the present value (72 cents) for soldiers' bounties, (and which must be the price of the best lands until some 16,000,000 acres are disposed of.) would amount to \$138,240, and the government holding the road as security for my continuance and faithful performance of contract, and the government also holding the other 5 miles by 60, or 192,000 acres, through which the road is completed. Now if I could not make this 192,000 acres produce enough to return the \$200,000 expended on the ten miles of road, then the work could not be continued; the government would not allow me to take one acre of land, and I should have sunken the \$200,000. But if, from the results of my energies, efforts, and labor, I raise from its present value of \$138,240 the 192,000 acres to or beyond the \$200,000 expended, then the 192,000 acres (the other half) held by the government would have imparted to it an equal increase in value from the same causes. Such would be the case for 800 miles through the good or available lands, or so far as the 5 miles by 60, or 192,000 acres, would furnish means to construct the ten miles of road, the government holding the road as security for all, and also holding one-half (alternate 5 miles by 60) of all the lands—each and every ten miles of road being completed in advance of my being allowed to take any land—the road, with the alternate settlements, imparting benefits to and enhancing the half held by the government far exceeding that taken by myself. The reserve lands would be held to furnish means for the construction of the road through the immense distance of poor land; where I should proceed as before, first build the ten miles of road, and when the 10 miles by 60 or 384,000 acres, could not be sold for enough for the outlay for the ten miles of road, then the reserve land would be sold sufficient for, and applied to that purpose; and soon to the ocean each and every ten miles of the road would be finished in advance of receiving any lands or money. And until all shall have been completed and in successful operation, the government would hold the road, the surplus lands, if any, and all as security for the payment of ten cents per acre for all the lands and also as security that the government should in no way be made responsible or chargeable for keeping up and in operation the said road, until its earnings could provide for that purpose then the title to the road would vest in me, always, however, subject to the action and control of Congress in regulating and fixing the tolls, &c., and the United States mails to be transported free of charge.

The reserved and all surplus lands to be sold at auction in lots of from 40 to 160 acres.

And should all the lands fully reimburse for the outlay for constructing the road, its machinery, &c., with the sum paid to the government for the entire lands, then Congress would have power to regulate the tolls so as not to produce any income beyond sufficient to keep said road in repairs and operation, and for necessary superintendence; making it a national, and as nearly a free road as possible, with tolls less than half what would be charged on the great and principal dividend paying roads within the States. And how Mr. Benton's objections can apply to the bill to carry out this great project, I think would be difficult for those who read it to point out.

With the failure of this bill, I consider the hope for a communication across our continent which would be the route for the commerce and intercourse between Europe and Asia, as forever at an end. The seal would then have been fixed. We have looked upon the promised land, but could never possess it.

The people of Oregon and California, having the same products as our own, and seeking the same markets, we could not buy from them, or they purchase from us. They could receive no benefit from a connection with us, or we from them.

We might as soon attempt to connect a part of Asia to us. I presume no man will think of an overland communication with teams though a wilderness and desert of more than two thousand miles in extent! And, on examination, it will be found that any communication across Panama, could never amount to any commercial or national benefit—on the contrary, such a communication, as it could never be the means of facilitating exchanges of products, would but facilitate what must be the in-

evitable result, the building up of a separate and independent nation.

With the failure of this bill, the only commercial benefit we could receive from them, would be in the use of their ports to repair and replenish our whale and other fishing vessels; and how long would it be before that very important branch of our commerce would be transferred to, and monopolized by the people of that coast, with whom we could not compete, when their oil and fish would be sent from Vancouver's Island directly to Europe and Asia, and there exchanged for manufactures and commodities suited to their wants? And how long would it be before sufficient capital, with enterprize for all this and more, would be furnished from Europe, with laws enacted to encourage it? The answer is, in the defeat of this bill; and the sounds of preparation and outfit will soon give us the answer from Europe.

The present condition of all Europe demands some great change, which neither the statesmen or philanthropists are prepared to point out. The population being so immense, with high prices for land, and heavy taxation upon labor, and the soil not producing enough to sustain its population, that it appears almost certain no reform within their means to accomplish can reach the evil. And the only possible remedy would seem to be in the removal of the surplus population to some country where land is very low, or without price—where there would be no tax upon labor, and where the products of the new country might be exchanged for those of Europe.

Oregon and California now opens a field for such an experiment. Many of their products might be exchanged with Europe, which could not take place with us.

Oregon and California will command and monopolize fisheries more extensive and more valuable than all the world beside—a cod fishery extending to the entire coast of Japan and China with the markets of all Asia open to all the varieties they can produce, and all Europe open to them also. With such advantages, and many more, could they (when their position begins to develop itself) desire a connection with us, from which it is clear they could derive no benefit? Certainly not. And would not the people of these United States soon tire with the expense of supporting and sustaining far distant territorial governments, when the products of the territories could not be drawn to us for markets, and could not be exchanged with us? And what benefit can the people residing in any of the States derive from such territories? And would the people of these United States, with force of arms, at an immense cost, attempt to compel a country to submit, and be subject to us, from which we could receive no benefit? Therefore, with the failure of this bill, Oregon, California, and all the north Pacific coast, must be a separate, independent nation. But, could our interest be united by drawing the commerce and intercourse of Europe with Asia across our continent, dividing the vast benefits, participating in each other's local advantages and position, then a union would have been formed, which time would but strengthen and make more lasting.

The time to effect an object so vastly important passes forever with the failure of this bill. Before another year passes, the lands on the eastern terminus (the only source of means) will be applied to other purposes. Material, with advantages indispensable to the success of a work so vast, (and which do not exist at any other point on the entire route,) will have passed beyond control; and without which (and the road to transport for the immense distance where they do not exist) it would be as vain to attempt such a work as if its direction were to the moon.

The attention of the people has been awakened to this subject. It has been examined, and is understood. More than three fourths of the people of the whole country are in favor of it. Its vast importance is becoming more and more manifest every day. It promises so much, that it will not be suffered to sleep.

A direct communication with Oregon and California, so indispensable to our future national prosperity and greatness, is being seen and understood throughout our vast country; and the impossibility of any connection, with the certainty of a separation and formation of a distinct nation, without a direct railroad communication, is also being understood and appreciated. The people will not be put off. They will force it upon Congress, but perhaps too late, when it must be undertaken as a government work, when it would be idle to ever expect its completion. Look at the Cumberland road, and all such works by the government, and even all such works by State governments!



Such a work by the government would not only control, but absorb the entire legislation of the nation; and being subject to changes of management and direction at each session of Congress, as would utterly defeat its progress. Those who are now opposing this project, are forcing upon the country the alternatives of attempting the work by the government, which could never be accomplished, on the relinquishment of Oregon and California to a separate, independent nation, soon to become our dangerous rival for the commerce of all the world, and in time to supplant and control us—an abandonment of our now "manifest destiny." And I now warn my countrymen against the danger which is inevitable from either alternative.

This is a work which can never be accomplished by individual enterprise alone, because no man would invest where he could not expect a return during his lifetime, at least and where (from commencement to completion) the accumulation of interest would triple the cost of the road. Nor can it be accomplished by States not yet formed, and which can never be formed, (without the aid of the road) through a desert incapable of sustaining population, and without navigable streams suitable to communicate with civilization and markets.

And I say, without fear of contradiction from any one entitled to an opinion formed from experience and examination, that this great work can never be accomplished on any other plan than that of connecting the sale and settlement of the lands on its line with the building of the road. Population must keep pace with the work, and be interested in it; the labor for grading the road must pay in part for the lands, and make homes for the settlers; and the one-half of the 800 miles on the eastern end must furnish means for an equal distance beyond, where the land is too poor for that purpose.

Any amount of capital, even under the strongest power of arbitrary government, (without directly connecting the settlement of the lands on its line with the work,) could not accomplish it through a wilderness and desert of such vast extent; and and it would be as equally impossible from any terminus where material with necessary natural advantages do not exist, or could not be controlled.

Should the bill be passed at the early part of the coming session of Congress, the work may be carried out, though not without difficulties, much increased by the large amount of lands sold or taken up during the present year. After another season, it would be impossible. Therefore, with the failure of this bill, must end forever all hope for the accomplishment of this great work.

Most respectfully your obedient servant, A. WHITNEY.

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

### TO THE CHILDREN.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Come sit down, little children,  
Beneath these green old trees,  
There's such a world of sweetness  
In the kisses of the breeze:  
Now push away the tresses  
From your young and healthful brows,  
And listen to the music  
Up above us in the boughs.

How pleasant is the stirring  
Where the leaves are thick and bright;  
And the wings of birds are floating,  
Like the golden summer light.  
The fragrance of the briar-rose  
Is sweet upon the air;  
And the pinks and dark-leaved violets,  
Are scattered every where.

The lilies hang their silver cups  
Close to the waters edge,  
And the pebbles are veined deeply  
As the berries in the hedge.  
But where yon winding pathway  
Along the hill is trod,  
'Tis the mourner's heavy footstep  
That has worn away the sod.

The smooth white stones, like spectres  
All standing in the shade,  
To mark the narrow chambers  
Where the old and young are laid.  
There hides the deadly nightshade  
Where the tall and bent grass waves;  
And willow's tresses, long and sad,  
Are trailed above the graves.

Not with the gentle falling  
Of the early summer rain,  
Not with the pleasant rushing  
Of the sickle in the grain;  
Nor when the crimson mantle  
Of the morn is o'er them spread,  
Shall the pale hands be unfolded  
From the bosoms of the dead.

But there's a morn approaching,  
When the sleepers shall arise  
And go up and be with angels  
In the ever cloudless skies.  
O earth is very beautiful  
With sunshine and with flowers,  
But there's a world, my little friends,  
Of purer hearts than ours.

*Mt. Healthy, Ohio.*

Original.

### THE ATONEMENT.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

Our Minister is a capital hand to tell stories, and he relates some which are certainly very interesting. He often speaks to the children in the Sunday School, much to their spiritual profit. Last Sabbath he related an incident which occurred under his own observation, that interested me very much, and which, I doubt not, will be long remembered by all who heard it. And though 'twere vain for me to attempt to give it to you, as it was given to us, yet believing it to be too good to be lost, I will venture to retell it.

Having an appointment to preach away from home one Sabbath, before service began, he went in to visit the children's church. Here he found a room full of bright-eyed boys and girls going through with those exercises, in which all good Sabbath School scholars love to engage.

In one part of the room was a large class of very small boys. These attracted his attention, and he regarded them with peculiar interest. He soon observed that two little fellows were annoying each other, while the teacher was busily engaged, and could not see what they were doing. Presently one struck the other, and made him cry. At this the teacher turned round. She saw at a glance what had taken place, and proceeded to repair, if possible, the injury that had been done.

Taking the little offender by the hand she commenced talking very kindly to him. She told him how sinful it is to quarrel and fight even with those who injure and ill-treat us.—She spoke of the Savior, how mild and forgiving he was to his enemies, and how, even while enduring the fearful agonies of the cross, he prayed to his Father, that his murderers might be forgiven. The little boy was moved to contrition, and bursting into tears, confessed that it was very wrong for him to strike his class-mate, and hoped he might never do it again. The teacher then asked him in what way he thought they could become reconciled, and be made friends and love each other again? "I don't know," said he, "unless I kiss Eddy, and tell him how sorry I am for what I have done." "Well," said the Teacher, "that is the very best way in the world to heal the wound you have inflicted. I wish all the difficulties which darken life might be settled in the same generous and noble manner. And so the little fellows embraced and kissed each other affectionately, and went home, having pleasanter thoughts than they possibly could have cherished, had not their feelings been conciliated by the kiss that was given for the blow inflicted.

*Ulica, N. Y.*

The State of Ohio is now in her 61st year, or rather it is now 61 years since the first white citizen moved into what is now that State.



## THE BLACK VEIL.

BY DICKENS.

For the full understanding of the accompanying extract, it is necessary to premise, that, on a cold winter evening, a young London surgeon was seated by his cheerful fire, listening to the wind beating the rain against the windows, and howling dismally down the chimney, when his musings were interrupted by a visit from a singularly tall female, muffled in a black shawl, as if for the purpose of concealment, and her face shrouded by a thick, black veil. After a prolonged interview, the young surgeon gathers, that the next morning, precisely at nine, his services will be indispensable on behalf of a patient who will then, and not till then, be under the charge of his visiter. "I may be mad to ask your aid, sir," said the woman, weeping bitterly; "but night after night, through the long dreary hours of watching and weeping, the thought has ever been present to my mind, and although even I see the hopelessness of human assistance availing him, the bare thought of laying him in his grave without it, makes my blood run cold. Just before the hour appointed, the surgeon was at the designated place, a desolate detached dwelling, in one of the suburbs of the great city. As he knocked at the door, a low whisper, of stealthy conversation in the passage, became audible. Presently the door was opened by a tall ill favored man, with black hair, and a face pale and haggard as a dead man's. In answer to the surgeon's question, "Am I in time?" the man replied, "Too soon, sir; but if you'll step in here, sir, you won't be detained five minutes, I assure you." The surgeon walks in, the door is closed upon him, and he is left alone. And now commences our scene.—N. Y. Knickerbocker.

"It was a little cold room, with no other furniture than two deal chairs, and a table of the same material. A handful of fire, unguarded by any fender, was burning in the grate, which brought out the damp, if it served no more comfortable purpose; for the unwholesome moisture was stealing down the walls in long slug-like tracts. The window, which was broken and patched in many places, looked into a small piece of ground almost covered with water. Not a sound was to be heard, either within the house or without. The young surgeon sat down by the fire-place, to await the result of his first professional visit.

He had not remained in this position many minutes, when the noise of some approaching vehicle struck his ear. It stopped; the street door was opened; a low talking succeeded, accompanied with a shuffling noise of footsteps along the passage on the stairs, as if two or three men were carrying some heavy body to the room above. The creaking of the stairs, a few seconds afterwards, announced that the new-comers, having completed their task, whatever it was, were leaving the house. The door was again closed, and the former silence was restored.

Another five minutes elapsed, and the surgeon had resolved to explore the house, in search of some one to whom he might make his errand known, when the room-door opened, and his last night's visiter, dressed in exactly the same manner, with the veil lowered as before, motioned him to advance. The singular height of her form, motioned with the circumstance of her not speaking, caused the idea to pass across the brain, for an instant, that it might be a man disguised in woman's attire. The hysteric sobs which issued from beneath the veil, and the convulsive attitude of the whole figure, however, at once exposed the absurdity of the suspicion, and he hastily followed.

The woman led the way up stairs to the front room, and pushed at the door to let him enter first. It was scantily furnished with an old deal box, a few chairs, and a tent bedstead, without hangings or cross-rails, which was covered with a patch-work counterpane. The dim light admitted through the curtain which he had noticed from the outside, rendered the objects in the room so indistinct, and communicated to all of them so uniform a hue, that he did not at first perceive the object on which his eye at once rested, when the woman rushed frantically past him, and flung herself upon her knees at the bed-side.

Stretched upon the bed, closely enveloped in a linen wrapper, and covered with blankets, lay a human form, stiff and motionless. The head and face, which were those of a man, were uncovered, save by a bandage, which passed over the head and under the chin. The eyes were closed. The left arm lay heavily across the bed, and the woman held the passive hand. The surgeon gently pushed the woman aside, and took the hand in his.

"My God!" he exclaimed, letting it fall involuntarily; "the man is dead!"

The woman started to her feet, and beat her hands together. "Oh, don't say so, sir!" she exclaimed, with a burst of passion, amounting almost to phrenzy: "oh, don't say so, sir! I can't bear it; indeed I can't! Men have been brought to life before when unskilful persons have given them up for lost; and men have died who might have been restored, if proper means had been resorted to. Don't let him lie here sir, without one effort to save him! This very moment life may be passing away. Do try, sir—do, for God's sake!" And while speaking, she hurriedly chafed, first the forehead and then the breast of the senseless form before her, and then wildly beat the cold hands which, when she ceased to hold them, fell heavily and listlessly back on the cold coverlet.

"It is of no use, my good woman," said the surgeon, soothingly, as he withdrew his hand from the man's breast. "Stay, undo that curtain."

"Why," asked the woman, starting up.

"Undo that curtain!" repeated the surgeon in an agitated tone.

"I darkened the room on purpose," said the woman, throwing herself before him, as he rose to undraw it. "Oh! sir, have pity on me! If it can be of no use, and he is really dead, do not, do not expose that corpse to other eyes than mine!"

"This man died no natural or easy death," said the surgeon. "I must see the body!" And with a motion so sudden that the woman hardly knew that he had slipped from beside her, he tore open the curtain, admitted the full light of day, and returned to the bedside:

"There has been violence here!" he said, pointing towards the body, and gazing intently on the face, from which the black veil was now removed. In the excitement of a minute before the female had dashed off the bonnet and veil and now stood with eyes fixed upon him. Her features were those of a woman of fifty, who had once been handsome; sorrow and weeping had left traces upon them, which not time itself would ever have produced, without their aid; her face was deadly pale, and there was a nervous contortion of the lip, and unnatural fire in her eye, which showed too plainly that her bodily and mental powers had nearly sunk beneath an accumulation of misery.

"There has been violence here!" said the surgeon, preserving his searching glance.

"There has!" replied the woman.

"This man has been murdered."

"That I call God to witness, he has!" said the woman passionately; "piteously, inhumanly murdered!"

"By whom?" said the surgeon, seizing the woman by the arm.

"Look at the butcher's marks, and then ask me!" she replied.

The surgeon turned his face toward the bed, and bent over the body, which lay full in the light of the window. The throat was swollen, and a blue livid mark encircled it. The truth flashed suddenly upon him.

"This is one of the men who were hung this morning!" he exclaimed, turning away with a shudder.

"It is," replied the woman, with a cold unmeaning stare.

"Who was he?" inquired the surgeon.

"My son!" replied the woman; and fell senseless at his feet.

And her son it was. A companion equally guilty with himself had been acquitted for lack of evidence, while he had been left for death, and executed. The mother, a widow, without friends or money, had denied herself the necessities of life, to bestow them on her orphan boy, who unmindful of her prayers, and forgetful of the incessant anxiety of mind and voluntary starvation of body which she had endured for him, had plunged into a career of dissipation and crime, which had resulted in his own death by the hangman's hands, and caused his mother's shame and incurable insanity.

It was our painful lot, on an occasion well known to metropolitan readers, to witness the fervent anxiety with which the relative of a condemned criminal, when the concentric rings of the law were closing up to their victim, sought and relinquished hope after hope, that in some way his life might yet be saved; and this, perhaps, owing to this circumstance that the preceding narrative made so deep an impression upon our mind. And now let us ask, how many persons, familiar with *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Chuzzlewit*, etc., are aware that "The Black Veil" is by the same author, and was first published years before the earliest of those works were written?



## ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

**A SPLENDID PASSAGE.**—This magnificent steamship arrived here on Saturday evening from New Orleans, after a rapid run of only six days and six hours, one of the shortest passages that has yet been made between the two ports. The papers brought were full three days later, and consequently are many days in advance of the U. S. mails. The noble ship had a severe time on the first of the passage, and for five days after leaving the Balize, she encountered heavy head winds and cross seas. Notwithstanding her delay at Havana, and the long stay at New Orleans, she has been absent from this city but twenty-one days.

## SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Cambria, from Liverpool, arrived here on Saturday. She sailed on the 11th ult.

The grain and cotton markets were without change.

Provisions, particularly American pork and beef, were in good demand, at firm prices.

There had been a great fall in the French funds, caused by apprehended troubles in connection with the election of President of the Republic and his installment in office.

The news from the continent of Europe is important. Vienna had capitulated to the imperial troops.

On the Continent the political troubles were increasing, with every prospect of a general outbreak again in all those countries where a revolution has commenced. France was by no means in a quiet state, and political difficulties seem to be increasing instead of diminishing. We can see nothing in the prospective calculated to give the least hope of a more favorable state of things.

The weekly return of the Bank of France shows that the progressive prostration of commerce which has been remarked for so many weeks, still continues. The discounts of the Paris Bank are again four millions less.

There is no news of importance from Ireland.

In Italy all is confusion; and several parts of Lombardy have risen against the Austrians.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Crawford, N. Y., the second Sunday in Dec.; and evenings as follows: Stormville, Dec. 4; Fishkill, Dec. 5; Monroe, Dec. 6; Chester, Dec. 7; Amity, Dec. 8; Searsburgh Dec. 9; Montgomery, 10.

**HUMAN CREEDS.**—Br. O. A. Skinner's 5th Sermon on creeds will be preached in the Orchard St. Church on Sunday morning next. Subject, Christian Liberty.

Lecture in the evening at 7 o'clock. Subject, one of the proof texts of endless misery.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustrating and defence of Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-st., Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening, The unity of God.

Br. Bulkeley, will preach in Blauveltville, on the first Sunday in Dec. and at Piermont in the evening of that day.

Br. Bulkeley, will preach in Camptown N. J. the second Sunday in December at 10 1-2 A. M., at Jefferson Village at 2 1-2 P. M., and at Middleville in the evening.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Lott Jones, on the evening of the 23d inst. Mr. Robert Ford, Jr. of Allentown, N. J., to Miss Elizabeth F. Hinds, daughter of the late James McCune, Esq. of Carlisle, Pa.

In this city, on the 13th ult., by the Rev. Wm. S. Balch, Mr. Jerome Finch, to Miss Mary Chimney.

## DEATHS.

At North Goshen, Conn., on the 8th ult., Julius Beach, Esq. aged 84 years,—long a firm and consistent believer in God's universal grace and salvation.

# PROSPECTUS OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super-royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons, and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do everything in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and useful paper.

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## NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

## PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 37a5 62	Beef, mess, per. bbl. 9 50a10 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 28	" Prime, " 5 50a6
" Western, " 1 03a1 15		Lard, per lb., 7a8
Indian Meal, per bbl., 3 12a3 18		Cheese, " 6 1 2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush., 73a75		Butter, Orange Co. dairy, 19a21
" mixed, " 65a67		" Western " 14a17
" New Orleans, " 65a68		" Ohio Common, 10a12
Rye, " 63		Salt, Turks' Island, bush., 26
Oats, " 34a35		" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 05a1 10
Pork, Mess, per bbl., 12 50a\$13		" fine, " 1 25a1 45
" Prime, " 8 87a9		Wool, pulled and fleece, 23a 36

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs, 45a50	Timothy Seed, tierce, 15a17
Hops, per lb., 9a10 1-2	Clover " per lb., 5 1-2a7
Feathers, live American, 30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per
Flax, per lb., 9	bushel, 1 20a1 25

## New-York Cattle Market...Monday, Nov. 27.

At market 1200 Beef Cattle, 50 Cows and Calves, and 3,800 Sheep and Lambs.

**BEEF CATTLE**—The market was very dull last week, but though there has been a great falling off in the supplies, prices have undergone no change.—Good retailing qualities sell at from 5 1-2 to 7 cents. About 200 left over.

**COWS AND CALVES**—Sales at from \$22 to \$32 50 a 48 50, according to quality and condition.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS**—Prices of 1 25 2 75 a 5; Lambs 1 75 a2 50.—800 left over.

**HAY**.—62 1-2 cts for best quality. No straw at the scales.